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CUP 21 g. 23/4

Constance and Anthony;

O R,

A New Northern Story.

OF Two Constant Lovers, as I understand,
Were born near *A P P L E B Y* in *Westmoreland* :
The Lad's Name *A N T H O N Y*, *C O N S T A N C E* the Lass,
To Sea they both went, and great danger did pass.
How they suffer'd Shipwreck on the Coast of Spain,
For two Years divided, and then met again,
By wonderful Fortune, and mere Accident,
And now both live at home in Joy and Content.



TWO lovers in the North,
Constance and Anthony,
Of them I will now set forth
A gallant history.
They lov'd exceeding well,
As plainly doth appear,
But that which I shall tell,
Thou like you ne'er did hear.
Still she cries Anthony,
My bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by land or sea
I'll gang along with thee.

Anthony must to sea,
His calling doth him bind ;
My Constance dear, quoth he,
I must leave thee behind.
I prithee do not grieve,
Thy tears will not prevail ;
I'll think on thee, my sweet,
When our ship's under sail.
But still she cries, &c.

How may that be, quoth he?
Consider well the case.

Quoth he
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Quoth she, Sweet Anthony,
I'll bide not in this place:
If thou gang so will I.
Of the means do not doubt;
A woman's policy
Great matters may find out.
Still she cries, &c.

I would be very glad,
But prithee tell me now,
I'll dress me like a lad,
What say'st thou to me now?
The Sea thou canst not brook.
Yea, very well, quoth she,
I'll be a scullion to thy cook,
For thy sweet company.
Still she cries, &c.

Anthony's leave she had,
And dress'd in man's array;
She seem'd the blithest lad,
Seen on a summer's day.
O see what love can do!
At home she will not bide,
With her true love she'd go,
Let weal or woe betide.
Still she cries, &c.

In the ship 'twas her lot
To be the under cock,
And at the fire hot
Great pains she took,
She served every one,
Fitting to their degree,
And now and then alone,
She kiss'd Anthony.
Still she cries, &c.

Alack-and-a-well-a-day!
By tempest on the main,
Their Ship was cast away
Upon the coast of Spain.
To the mercy of the waves
They all committed were,
Constance her own self saves.
Then she cries for her dear.

Swimming upon a plank,
At Bilboa she got a shore,
First she did heaven thank
Then she lamented sore.
O woe is me! said she,
The saddest loss alive,
My dearest Anthony,
Now on the sea doth drive.
Still she cries, &c.

What will become of me?
Why did I strive for shore
Since my sweet Anthony,
I never shall see more.
Fair Constance, do not grieve,
The same good providence
Hath saved thy lover sweet,
But he his far from hence.
Still she cries, &c.

A Spanish merchant rich
Saw this fair seeming lad,
That did lament so much.
And was so grievous sad.
He had in England been,
And English understood,
He having heard and seen,
He in amazement stood.
Still she cries, &c.

The merchant ask'd her,
What was that Anthony?
Quoth she, My brother, Sir,
He came from thence with me.
He did her entertain,
Thinking she was a boy.
Two years she did remain
Before she met her joy.
Still she cries, &c.

Anthony up was taken,
By an English renegade,
With whom he did remain
At the sea roving trace,
In the nature of a slave,
He did the galley row.

Thus he his life did save,
But Constance did not know.
Still she cries, &c.

Now mark what came to pass,
See how the fates did work
A ship that her master's was
Surpriz'd this English Turk.
And into Bilboa brought
All that aboard her were,
Constance full little thought
Anthony was so near.
Still she cries, &c.

When they came on shore,
Anthony and the rest,
She who was sad before,
Was now with joy possest.
The merchant thus did muse,
At this so sudden change,
He did demand the news,
Which unto him was strange.
Still she cries, &c.

Upon her knees she fell,
Unto her master kind;
And all the truth did tell,
Nothing she kept behind:
At which he did admire,
And in a ship of Spain,
Not paying for the hire,
He sent them home again.
Still she cries, &c.

The Spanish merchant rich,
Did of his bounty give
A sum of gold, on which
They now do bravely live.
And now in Westmoreland
They were join'd hand-in-hand.
Constance and Anthony,
They live in mirth and glee.

Still she cries Anthony,
My benny Anthony,
Kind providence we see,
Hath guided thee and me.

